



# MORTY

*the*

# DOG

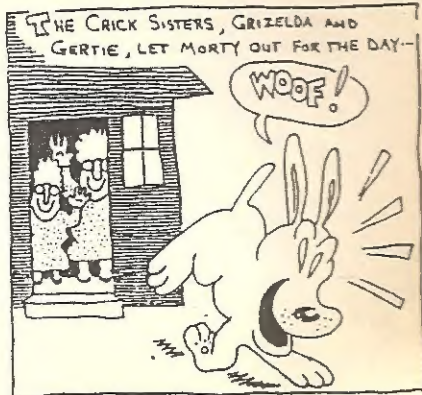
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by Steve Willis. REPRINTED FROM CRANIUM FRENZY #1&2

# A DAY IN THE LIFE OF MORTY DOG



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...AND GIVES A LANDMARK LECTURE ON NEBUCHADNEZZAR II AND THE CHALDEAN EMPIRE OF 586 B.C.

...HE WOULD IMAGINE HIMSELF AN OX, AND GO OUT IN THE FIELDS AND EAT GRASS...





10:04 A.M. \* BEFORE LUNCH, MORTY  
DISCOVERS A CURE FOR CANCER...

AMAZING!

ASTOUNDING!

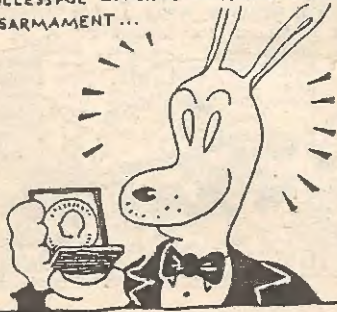


12:00 NOON = MORTY HAS LUNCH WITH  
A FOREIGN AMBASSADOR...

OH-HO-HO! AH, MORTY, YOU ARE ZO  
(HOW YOU ZAY?) "UTTERLY CHARMEENG."



2:42 PM. = MORTY AWARDED THE  
NOBEL PEACE PRIZE FOR HIS HIGHLY  
SUCCESSFUL EFFORTS IN WORLD NUCLEAR  
DISARMAMENT...



5:10 PM. = MORTY PLAYS COY ON THE  
SUBJECT OF THE UPCOMING PRESIDENTIAL  
ELECTION...

IT'S TOO EARLY TO TELL, GENTLEMEN,  
BUT I'M KEEPING ALL OPTIONS OPEN...





7:28 P.M. = MORTY RECALLS HIS RECENT  
WIMBLEDON TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP WIN WITH  
HIS BIOGRAPHER ...

HOW DID YOU DEVELOP  
THAT FAMOUS FOREHAND  
DRIVE, MR. MORTY?

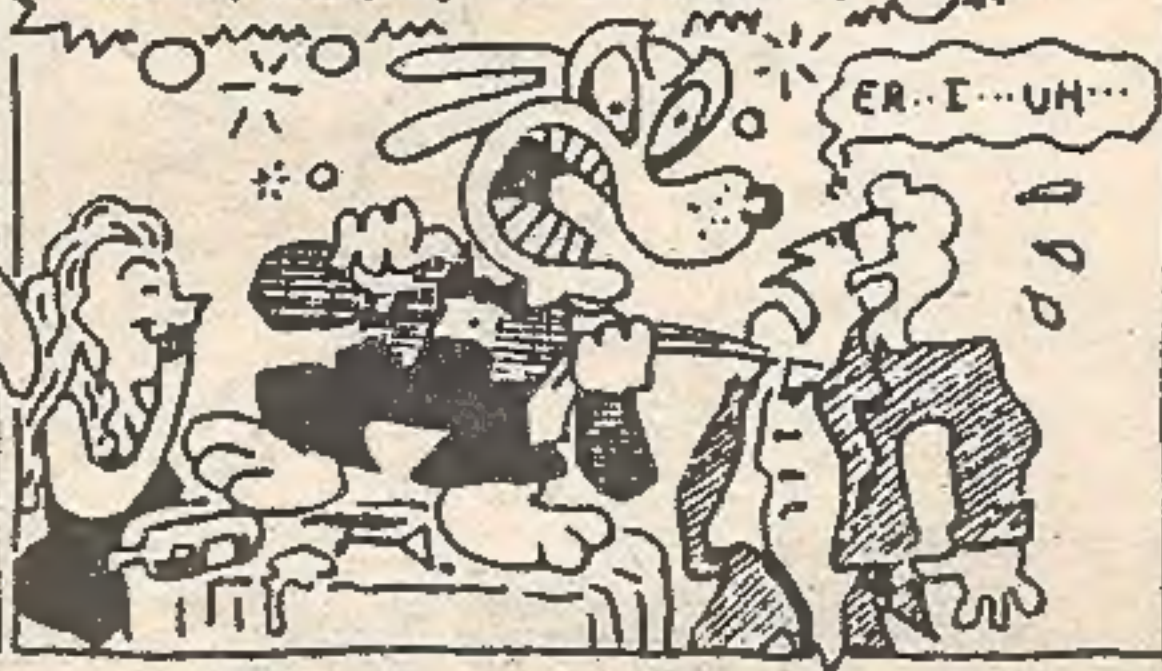
WELL ARNIE,  
THERE'S QUITE A  
STORY BEHIND  
THAT ...



11:30 P.M. MORTY AND A HOLLYWOOD  
STARLET DINE AT STUDIO 54, WHERE HE  
MAKES A DRUNKEN FOOL OF HIMSELF ...

DO YOU REALIZE WHO I AM?!!  
KISS MY SHORTS, MR. SCHWARTZ!

ER...E...UH...



12:00 MIDNIGHT - BACK HOME.

WOOF!  
WOOF!

OH, MY! MY! MY!

CLUCK  
CLUCK!

SCRATCH!  
SCRITCH!

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE  
THAT LITTLE DEVIL  
DOES ALL DAY?

HE'S SOOO  
CUUUUTE!

WOOF!

TOMORROW:  
A LASTING  
CURE FOR  
DEATH  
AND  
WARTS!



IT COULD'VE BEEN  
WORLD DESTRUCTION,  
BUT IT WAS ONLY...

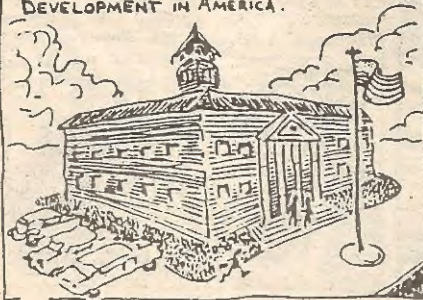
GOD'S

LITTLE JOKE!





THE PARVO NAKACHEKER INSTITUTE FOR WEAPONS RESEARCH; ONE OF THE MOST SELECT SECRET CENTERS FOR MISSILE DEVELOPMENT IN AMERICA.



IN THESE HALLS ARE ASSEMBLED THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST IN THIS FRIGHTENING FIELD OF RESEARCH.





THE SECURITY IS TIGHT, INSURING  
ABSOLUTE SECRECY AND PROTECTION.

BUT TODAY WILL BE DIFFERENT, AS A  
SMALL BAND OF TERRORISTS PREPARE  
FOR A HIGHLY ORGANIZED ASSAULT.



EVERYTHING IS SET.

YES. SOON THE Z-33  
MISSILE WILL BE OURS...



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE INSTITUTE —

GENTLEMAN, THIS LITTLE HONEY, THE NEW Z-33, NOW HOLDS THE DISTINCTION OF BEING THE WORLD'S MOST DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON!

PAT!  
PAT!

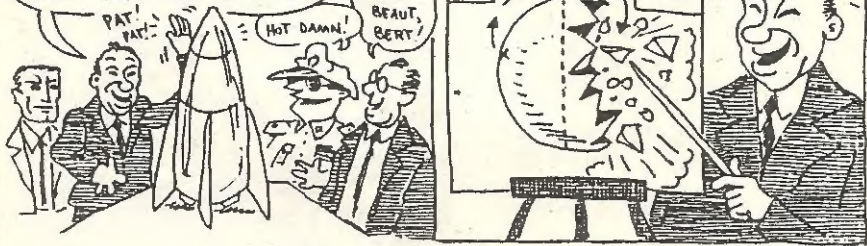
HOT DAMN!

IT'S A  
BEAUT,  
BERT!

THIS SIMPLE CHART ILLUSTRATES THE AWESOME POWER OF THIS MISSILE —

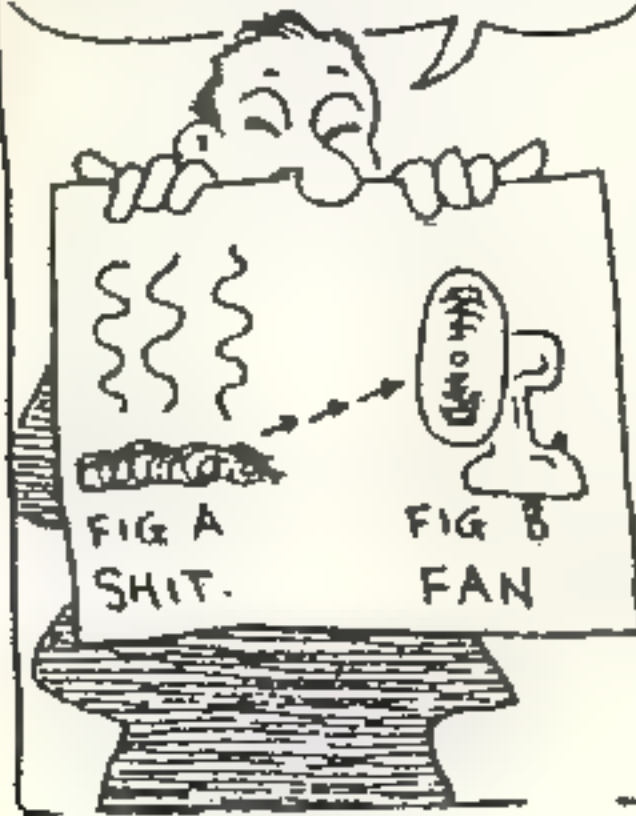
US

THEM





AND THIS CHARMING LITTLE CHART SHOWS WHY WE CAN'T AFFORD TO REVEAL THE EXISTENCE OF THE Z-33 TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC -

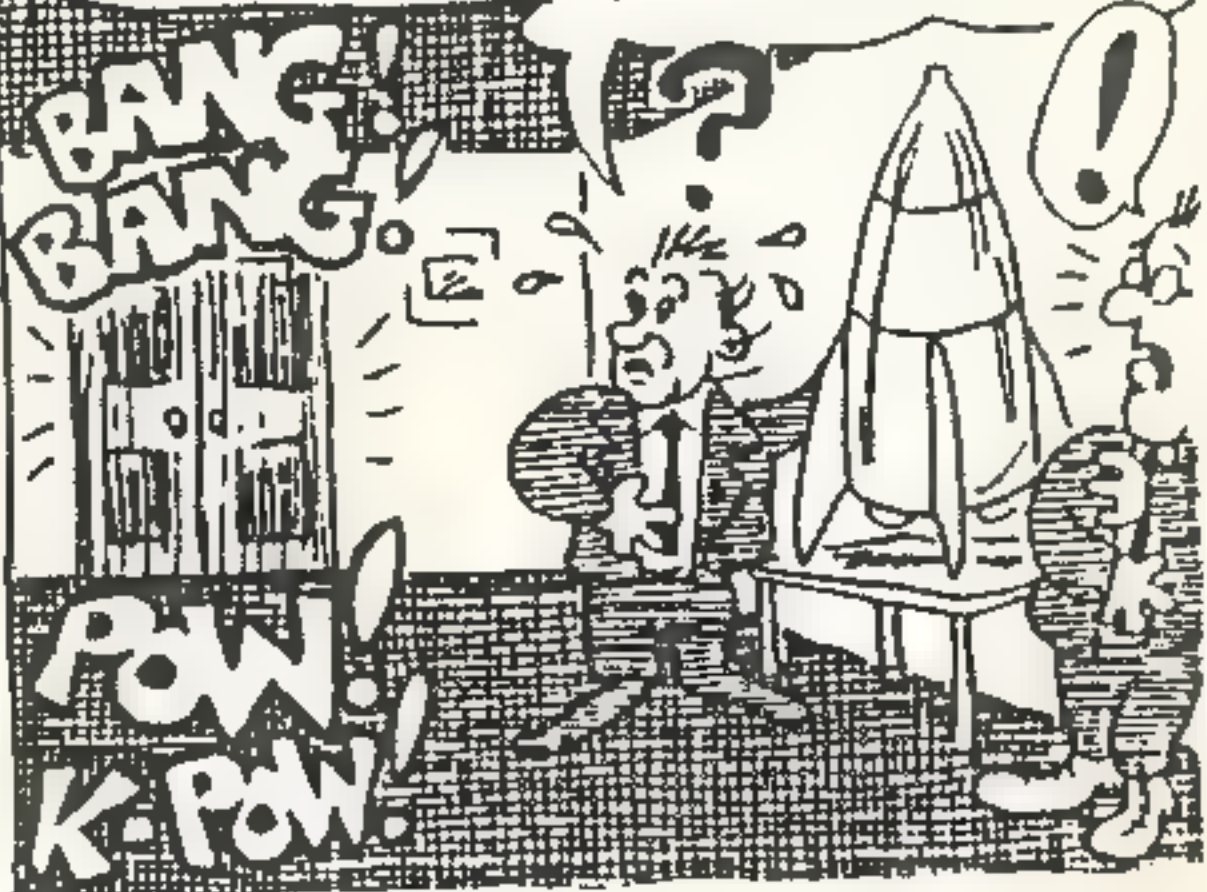


OUR LIPS ARE SEALED!

MUM'S THE WOID, SIR

THEY'RE TOO IGNORANT TO REALLY APPRECIATE THE

HEY! WHAT TH-?/?/?!





AND NOW, YOU RUNNING DOG  
LACKEY IMPERIALIST FASCIST  
PROFITEERING CAPITALIST WAR-  
MONGERING INDUSTRIALIST OPPRESSIVE  
BOURGEOISIE TECHNOLD GREEDY  
PHLEGM-FACED OLD FART,

EXHALE:

INHALE:

WE, THE LEON CZOLGOSZ BRIGADE OF THE  
TROTSKYITE-OSWALD PEOPLE'S ARMY OF THE  
REVOLUTION OF RICH KIDS FROM THE EAST COAST WHO DON'T

KNOW ONE SHIT FROM ONE OTHER, AND WHO HAVE WONDERED A LOT OF OUR LIVES BEHIND

THESE GUYS WITH THAT ATTITUDE, WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM OUT OF HERE, AND WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM OUT OF HERE

AND WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM OUT OF HERE, AND WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM OUT OF HERE

AND WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM OUT OF HERE, AND WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM OUT OF HERE

AND WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM OUT OF HERE, AND WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM OUT OF HERE

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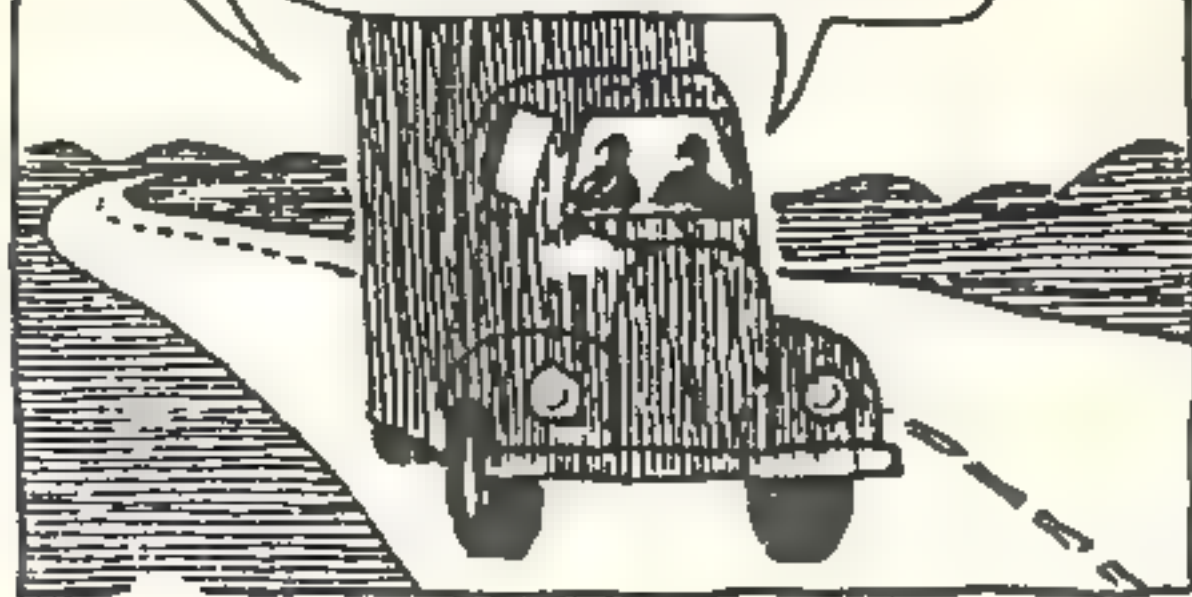




MEANWHILE, ON A NEARBY ROAD -

HURRY! WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME!

WE'RE NEARLY AT THE  
RENDEZVOUS POINT...



BUT IN A SET OF HIGHLY UNLIKELY, IF  
NOT IMPOSSIBLE CHAIN OF EVENTS, THE  
DRIVER FALLS VICTIM TO THE RARE  
MALADY OF SPONTANEOUS  
COMBUSTION...

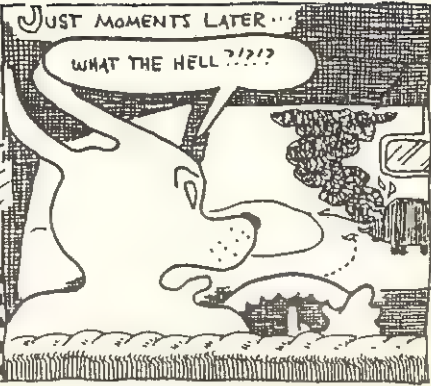


...AND THE PASSENGER'S CRANIUM  
JUST HAPPENS TO BE IN THE PATH OF A  
FALLING METEOR.



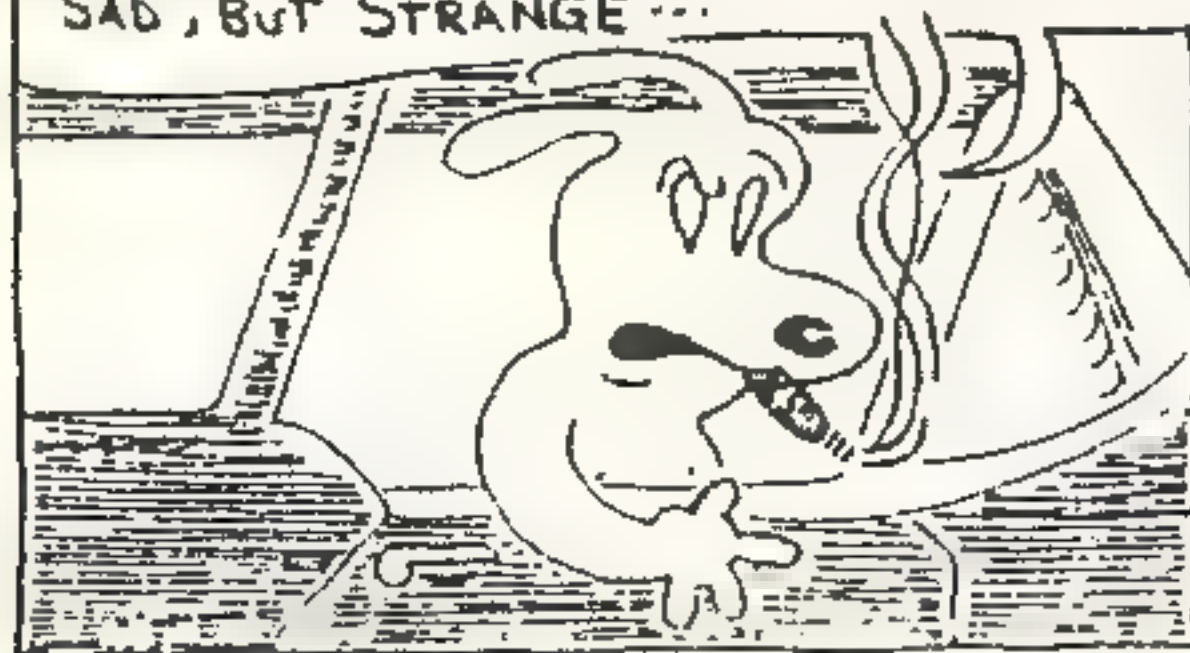
JUST MOMENTS LATER...

WHAT THE HELL ?!?!?





HMMMM. DOESN'T LOOK LIKE I CAN DO MUCH HERE. OFFHAND I'D SAY THAT ONE CHUMP HAS FALLEN VICTIM TO THE RARE MALADY OF SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION, AND THAT OTHER CLOWN JUST HAPPENED TO BE IN THE PATH OF A FALLING METEOR. SAD, BUT STRANGE...



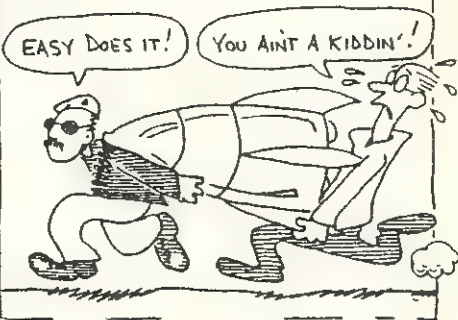
WHAT A SET OF HIGHLY UNLIKELY, IF NOT IMPOSSIBLE CHAIN OF EVENTS. BUT THEN AGAIN, I SUPPOSE A TALKING DOG SMOKING A CIGAR AND DRIVING A STATION WAGON KINDA STRETCHES THE OL' CREDIBILITY TOO...



IN THE MEANTIME, THE INSTITUTE HAS  
BECOME A SCENE FOR CHAOS AND  
VIOLENCE -



A FEW TERRORISTS MANAGE TO ESCAPE  
WITH THE Z-33 MISSILE -





OUR TRANSPORT UNIT SHOULD BE  
ARRIVING SOON. THREE HONKS FROM  
HIS HORN IS THE PREARRANGED CODE!

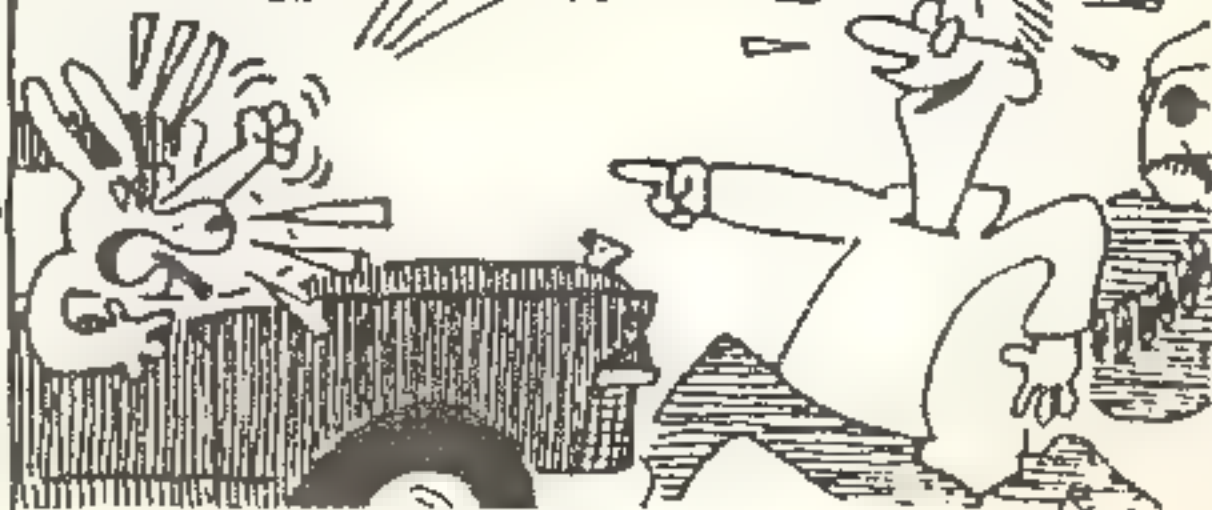
LOOK! HERE HE COMES!



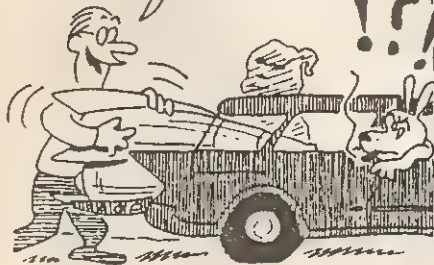
HONK! HONK!  
HONK!

OUTTA MY WAY,  
YA PECKERHEADS!

IT'S HIM!!

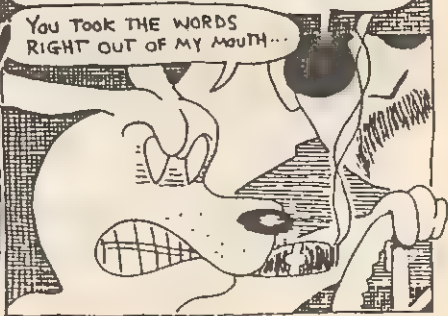


THIS WILL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE  
TO LOAD!

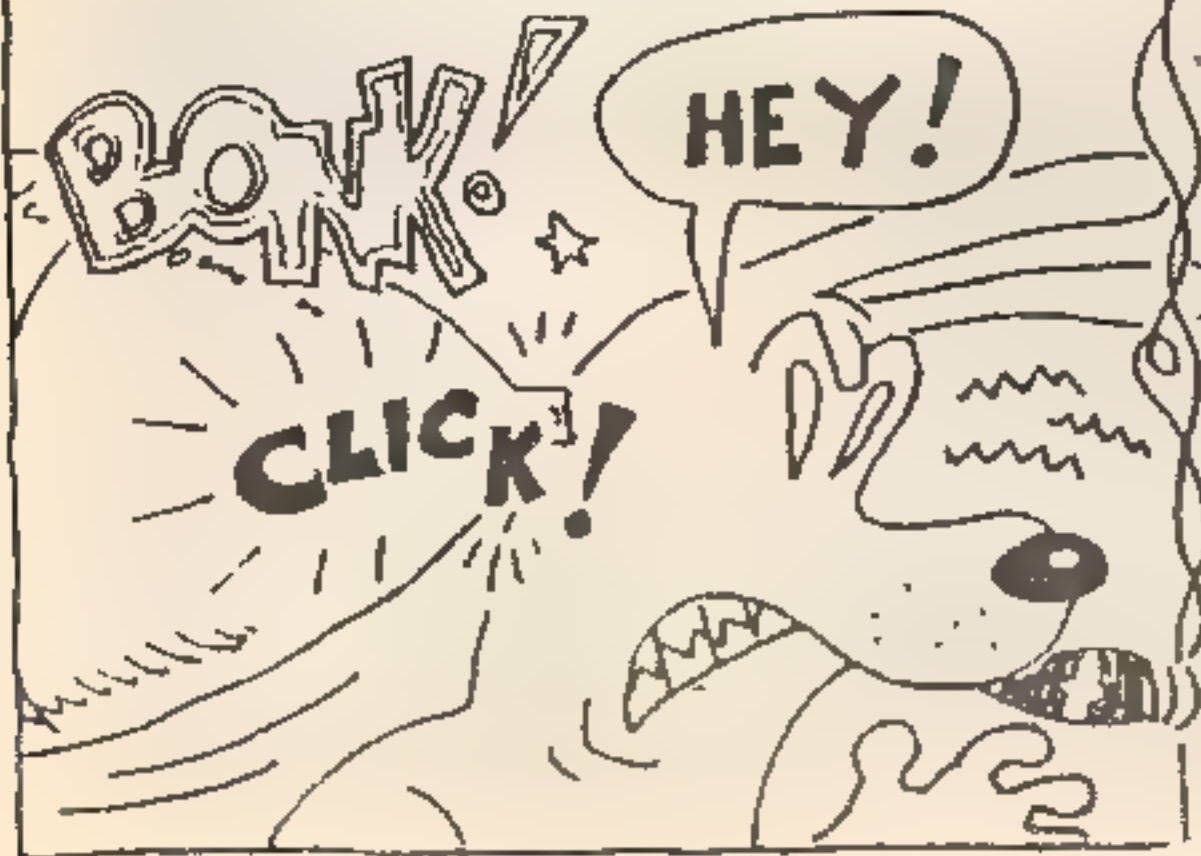


THANKS COMRADE. I ASSUME YOU KNOW  
WHERE TO GO AND WHERE TO PUT IT...?

YOU TOOK THE WORDS  
RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH...

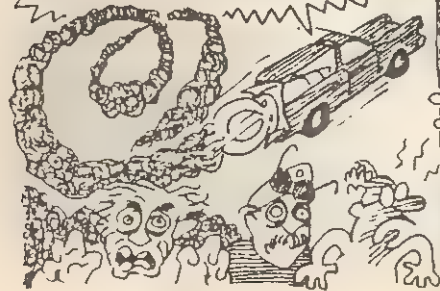


AS THE Z-33 IS LOADED, THE  
ACTIVATING BUTTON ACCIDENTALLY  
BONKS MORTY'S CRANIUM!





GANGWAY!

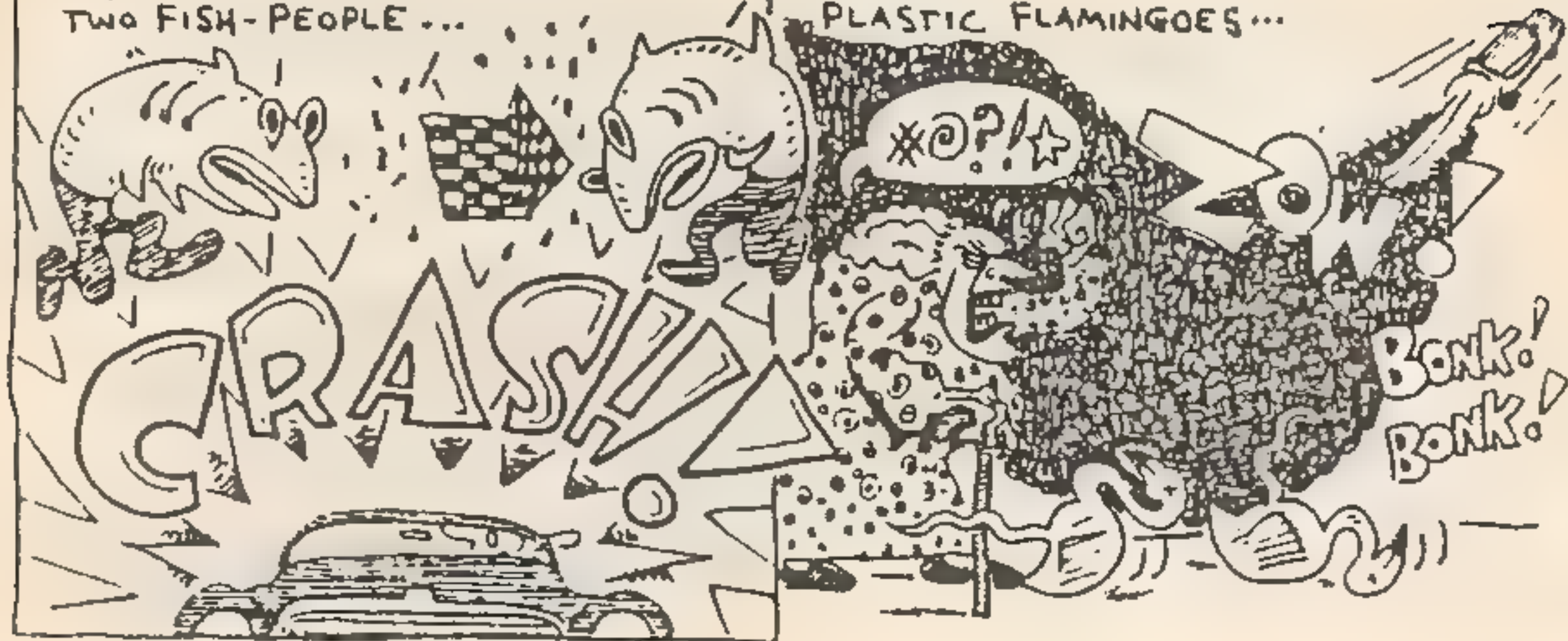


OVER A GATHERING OF NUNMUGGERS...



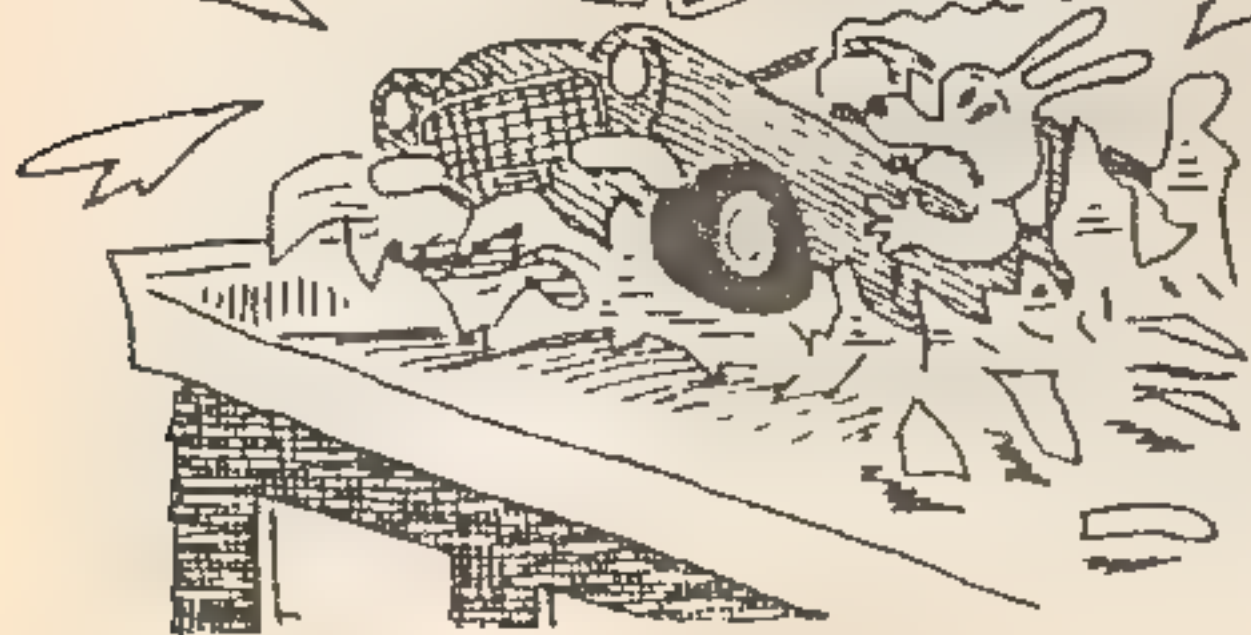
...THROUGH A CHESS GAME BETWEEN  
TWO FISH-PEOPLE...

...UPSETTING MRS. O'GRADY'S  
PLASTIC FLAMINGOES...



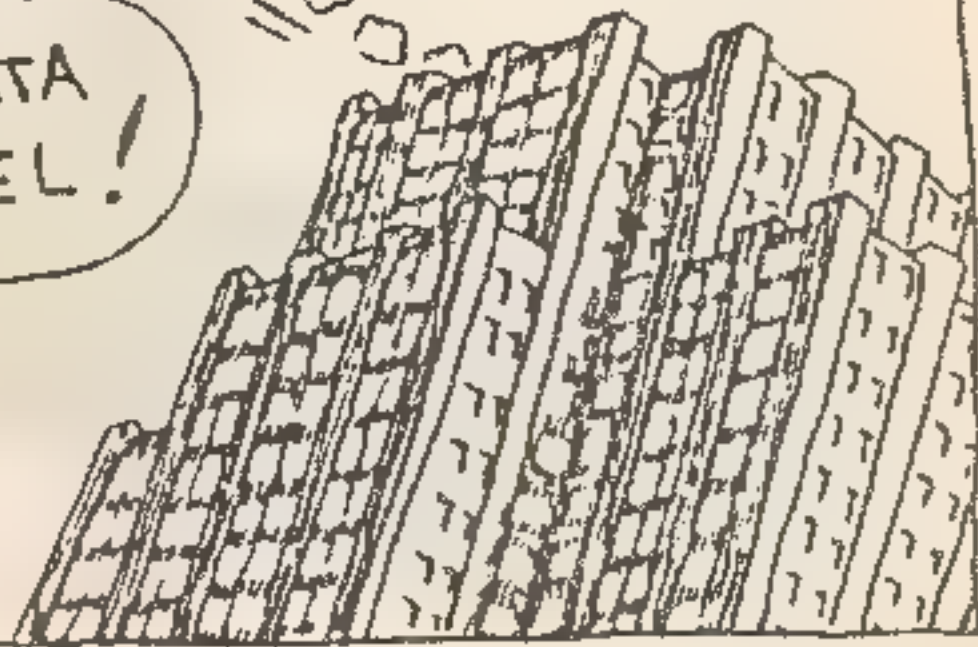
THROUGH THE ROOF!

CRASH!

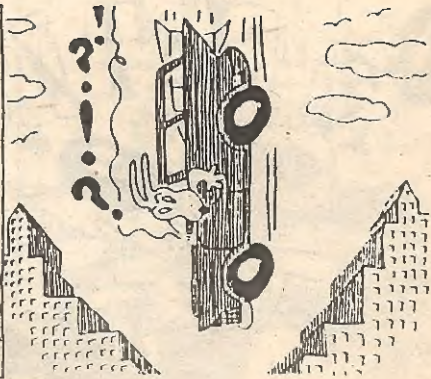


RRRRR-RRRR-SPUT  
RRRR-SPUT  
BLINK!

OUTTA  
FUEL!









ODD HOW FATE WORKS. THE MOST  
POWERFUL MISSILE IN THE WORLD WINDS  
UP CRUMPLED ON A DIRTY CITY SIDE-  
WALK IN A DOG'S STATION WAGON...

WHAT'S THIS...?

WHAT A DAY...

...THE WORLD CAME THIS CLOSE TO TOTAL  
ANNIHILATION... ?SHUDDER?

HEAVEN MUST'VE BEEN  
WATCHING OVER US...



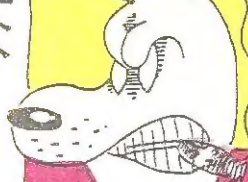


**M**EANWHILE, IN DOG HEAVEN...

HAHAHAHA! THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE!  
WHAT A CHUMP!  
I REALLY OUTDID MYSELF  
THIS TIME! HEEHEEHEE!



VERY FUNNY, MR. GOD!  
VERY FUNNY!!



MY PLEASURE,  
MR. DOG!  
MY PLEASURE!!  
HAHAHAHAHA

